

ON THE PLAY BILLS

A Neat Variety of Entertainment Offered.

DRAMA, OPERA AND HORSES

"Poor Jonathan" at Powers-Wilbur at Redmond's-A Glimpse at Geary's and Smith's Bill.

The local managers provide a great variety of amusement as the theaters for the coming week, as will be observed by the subjoined announcements:

Powers-Wilbur

Conrad's Comic Opera company will appear at Powers opera house on Thursday, January 21, in the New York Comic Opera, "Poor Jonathan." The story of the opera deals with the tribulations of an American millionaire. The first scene represents the palatial residence of Rubygold, the millionaire, who, surrounded by every luxury, is unhappy and discontented. At a birthday party arranged in his honor, Jonathan, the cook of the household, uses soap instead of raspberry flavoring in the ice cream. Rubygold imagines that Jonathan tried to poison him, and orders his dismissal at once. Harriet, a medical student and protégé of Rubygold's, appears and is requested to sing. Upon her refusal, Rubygold tries to tempt her by offering her a fabulous sum if she will acquiesce. Quickly, an impresario, seeing their discomfort, makes a flattering offer to Harriet to endorse medicine and become a lyric star. She accepts, leaving Rubygold inconsolable. Jonathan, despondent after the loss of his position, contemplates suicide. While about to consummate the act he is confronted with Rubygold, who has resolved to end his life. After examinations, an agreement is entered into between them, whereby Rubygold transfers his entire fortune to Jonathan, who assumes all of Rubygold's responsibilities, and Rubygold starts life anew. But there is one condition imposed: should either party humiliate the other, he is to be regarded as a signal that Rubygold has tired of life's burden, and both are to die. Jonathan, once in possession of the wealth, marries his sweetheart, Molly, formerly a servant at Rubygold's house. They both depart for Europe, and at Monte Carlo they meet Harriet, who is a famous prima donna. Jonathan falls in love with Harriet, and Molly, revealing herself as Countess Nowalsky, Rubygold, deserted by his friends, follows Harriet on her travels, and finally, becoming despondent, attempts to sing the fatal song, but is prevented from doing so by Jonathan, who is enjoying his great wealth to the extreme limit, and has no desire to die; but finally after returning to his country retreat at West Point, where he is hampered, reduced and deceived by his alleged friends, Jonathan, in a moment of despair and frenzy, burns the song. Rubygold, cured of his discontent, and now acting as steward with the family, hears the song and reclaims his fortune. Harriet, who has engineered the scheme to disgust Jonathan with his lot, remains with Rubygold, and Jonathan and Molly return to their lowly station.

Redmond's-Wilbur Opera Company.

This popular company will begin a week's engagement at this theater tonight in "The Grand Duchess." The repertoire for the week is as follows: Monday, Fanchette; Tuesday afternoon and evening, "Falks"; Wednesday, "Princess Toto"; Thursday afternoon and evening, "Jon Peruma"; Friday, "Bohemian Girl"; Saturday matinee, Fanchette, and Saturday evening, "Ermine." In regard to the company a Detroit paper speaks as follows about the opening there one week ago: The house was packed from top to bottom and the audience will have occasion to remember last night's performance as one of the most enjoyable they have witnessed in the opera line at Whitney's. The costumes of the company are particularly noticeable. The costumes were worn for the first time last night and represent great outlay. The grand march showed careful drill, and the evolutions of the young ladies, all pretty, young and of a mould that far exceeds the femininity constituting the average chorus, highly commended. The management of the company has the credit of carrying one of the best selected choruses, for form and beauty, that is on the road today. The men were formerly constitute the soldiers of the opera have been lately replaced with twelve girls, so that they are about the only new members of the company. The opera itself needs no lengthy sentences to acquaint the public with its facility for amusing. Its plot is stronger than is found in many comic operas. The title role in the hands of Sue Kirwan showed study and careful attention to those little details that make a prima donna popular with her audience. Wanda by Dorothy Morton, in love with Fritz, who is made commander-in-chief of the duchess' army, was sung with particular taste, Miss Morton having a voice that entitles her to credit above the rest of the company. The tenor of J. K. Conly, as Fritz, was sweet, though not strong. The efforts of the company were liberally applauded by the audience. "Fanchette" will be produced this evening.

Geary's Museum and Theater.

As each week passes by Mr. Geary's row family resort becomes more and more popular, any afternoon, and even evenings, one can see a score of baby carriages stored in and about the foyer and lobby of the theater. For the coming week Manager Geary announces as the principal attraction in the lecture hall Colonel Alexander Cooper, the royal giant and tallest man on earth. Mr. Cooper stands eight feet and two inches high and holds in his hand a 150-441 which he will give to any tall man who can reach it. Miss Lowrey, the lady from Chelsea, who wants a husband, will on Monday afternoon choose from among the many suitors, the one she thinks will make her the best husband. Mr. Geary's excellent stock company of dramatic players, will present "Caribou," the French robber, and the first half of the week that very funny, refined farce comedy, in one scene, entitled "Muffin Man."

Smith's Vaudeville.

Manager Smith has secured the Irwin Bros. Vaudeville Company for a week engagement commencing Monday, January 18. The Pittsburgh Leader of January 15 speaks of this company as follows: The comedy and vaudeville

company of Irwin Bros. at the Academy of music this week is just one of the best there has been at that establishment for a very long time. To run down the list almost every artist must be labeled "good," and it is hardly necessary to further particularize. Paul and Mattie Mills have not been here before and they do well in their "German Professor" sketch. The "National Trio," Nellie Forester and Messrs. Bryan and Moulton, are capital. Frank La Mondin, Tanner and Dowley, Miss Lottis Gilson, the three Judges and the Sheridan and Flynn, of McIntyre fame, are all first-class performers in their respective lines. Altogether the academy has a really excellent performance this week.

Powers-Prof. Gleason.

Prof. Gleason, the horse trainer, will begin an engagement at Powers tomorrow evening which will continue throughout the week, with the exception of Thursday evening, when the stage will be occupied by the Conrad Opera Company in "Poor Jonathan." Of Mr. Gleason's work some idea may be obtained from the following which is taken from the Free Press of last Thursday:

There was a large attendance at the rink last night to witness Prof. Gleason's horse-training exhibition, and an unusually fine performance was given. The Ohio man-eating stallion was given another lesson. He was led into a large pen and his bridle removed, while the professor followed him with a revolver filled with blank cartridges. As soon as the stallion made a move he shot at him, which after a time made him quite willing to be handled. He then threw him, after which he drove him to a training wagon and gave him a dose of firecrackers. He will need two or three more lessons before he is thoroughly broken. The Windsor truck horse did not put out as expected and instead of kicking out everything that was done to him as an everyday occurrence. Ugly Mary was the card of the evening, causing amusement and intense excitement for nearly an hour and then seemed ready for more. She kicked without tire and with them, and kept the crowd and the professor guessing as to which way she would plunge next. In one of her mad dashes she ran right into the crowd and caused a stampede for the doors. The professor announced that she was the best kicker he had ever handled and will put on some finishing touches to her behavior tomorrow night.

Hartman's Hall-Prof. Smith.

Prof. Norton B. Smith, the renowned horse trainer, who is to educate bad horses in Grand Rapids at Hartman's hall, commencing next Tuesday night, was presented with the following testimonial on his last night. The Omaha Daily Bee, Wednesday, September 30, 1891: "We, the undersigned, have attended Prof. N. B. Smith's exhibitions at the Omaha Guard's armory and have received some valuable information and instruction and at the same time highly pleased. His great accomplishments prove that his methods far exceed all others. He uses no abuse in subduing wild and vicious animals, educating instead of breaking evidently being his method. Prof. Smith has gained the respect and esteem of all Omaha and we regret his departure and hope for a speedy return."

APPEARANCES ARE DECEITFUL

He Was Advised to Look Out for a Slick One and He Did.

There was a pretty old and a pretty verdant looking man at the Third street depot the other day with three hours to wait for his train, and by an by he approached Officer Button and said he guessed he'd wander around for a spell. "Well, look out for yourself," replied the officer. "Any danger?" "There's always slick fellows about." "Yes, I suppose that is, but I shan't let nobody fool me." He was gone about an hour, and when he returned he showed the officer a bank check for \$200 and asked: "Does that seem all right to you?" "Right? Of course not. It's a check on a Buffalo bank signed John Smith. It's a dead fake, of course." "Fake! Fake! What's a fake?" "You've been faked! I expected you'd get into trouble when you went out of here! Seems singular that you can't talk common sense into some people." "Then the check is no good?" asked the old man. "Why, of course not. How much did you lend on it?" "I give him twenty-five dollars."

"Well, you've been confounded, and now you'd better go and sit down and keep mum."

"Is that what they call a confidence game?"

"Of course."

"Well, I thought so all the time."

"Then what did you let him walk off with your money for?"

"I didn't, you know. He started to go, but I grabbed him by the neck, like this, and backed him up against a wall, like this, and I pulled out this old pistol and laid the bar' on his nose and he give up that money quicker'n a cat."

The old man illustrated the case in the most vigorous manner, even to laying on the bar' which was a portion of a weapon seemingly fifty years old.

"So you got your money?" asked the officer, as he got his neck loose from the old man's grip.

"Got'er right down in my breeches pocket, safe as a bank. How much more time have I got?"

"An hour and a half."

"Well, I guess I'll take another little walk around. Maybe I'll meet somebody else who don't know that I run a side-show with old Dan Rice's circus far better than twenty years, and who thinks I'm a kitchen door for flies to roost on."

-Detroit Free Press.

NOT A WASTE.

To Spend Your Money for Anything That Will Give You Pleasure.

It is not a waste to spend your money in a cab, in good medicine and in good things to eat, when you are going to get health from them.

It is not a waste to buy somebody a bunch of flowers, a box of candy or a new book, for it is going to bring a smile to her face and happiness to her heart.

It is not a waste to scatter pleasant words everywhere, you will reap a benefit from them.

It is not a waste to have your coats and trousers, gowns and jackets well made, for they will wear much longer.

It is not a waste to spend your money on newspapers and magazines, because then you learn to talk about something else besides your neighbors' affairs.

It is not a waste to spend your money at all-that is what money is made for.

It was made to give the greatest amount of pleasure to you and me.

HOW BILL NYE ROSE

His Somewhat Humble Beginning and Progress.

HIS FIRST BID FOR FORTUNE

Was Through the New York Work--His Laramie Writings--In a Cyclone. Wife and Family Income.

[Mr. Nye telegraphs the editor from Asheville, N. C. that he is painfully, though not dangerously, ill there, and will not therefore be able to furnish his usual letter this week. He is therefore taken to offer the readers of this paper an appreciative sketch of the humorist from the pen of Mr. E. J. Edwards.]

About twelve years ago there began to appear in different newspapers extracts which were said to have been copied from a journal published at Laramie, Wyo., the name of which was alleged to be The Boomerang. The sketches were delicious, but for a long time many of those who enjoyed the humor of them were very doubtful about

the existence of a newspaper with such a seemingly absurd name. However, it began to be understood that a new humorist had arisen and was located on the windy uplands of the northwest, and that his newspaper, The Boomerang, as well as his humor, was genuine.

Thus, ten years earlier, through the medium of the exchange editor, the humor of the Danbury News man, which appeared in a little weekly which he owned, because of great repute, and the droll sketches and dry wit of Burdette in a similar way were brought to public view. The Laramie Boomerang man, Burdette, Bailey, Artemus Ward and the first of all that glorious race of humorists, John Phoenix, won the approval of that great class which is the strength of the country and which has but little time for other reading than that which is furnished by the newspapers. These men became popular with the masses, and some of them won not only fame but fortune thereby.

Of course it was asked who this genius of humor of the Wyoming uplands was, and the papers began to circulate a rumor that his name was Bill Nye, and that he was a relative of a man who had won great repute, not only as a statesman, but as a fun lover and maker, the late United States senator, Jim Nye. Of course every one wondered whether the Bill Nye who was writing, with that spontaneity which is the basis of all genuine humor, The Boomerang sketches was also the Bill Nye whom Bret Harte had immortalized in his "Heathen Chinee." Harte's celebrity had before this been supposed to be a myth, a creature of his fancy; but there were many persons in the east who felt sure that the Bill Nye of the poem and the Bill Nye of The Boomerang could be no other than one and the same person.

It was many months before the public knew that Bill Nye was a nom de plume, and that this genius of humor was baptized Edgar Wilson Nye; that he was born near the pine forests of Maine, reared on the frontier of Wisconsin, was bred a lawyer and had ventured as far as Laramie while a young man that he might practice law or grow up with the territory in any way that offered. He had actually become an officeholder, having been elected a justice of the peace. His office brought him small honor and much misery, but it also gave him, though at the time he little suspected it, a rich fund of experience which is now serving him in drama and higher literature and is giving delight to his almost countless readers.

His business instinct served him well on this occasion. Nine men out of ten would have been only too glad if they were situated as he was to form a staff connected with The World upon terms proposed by that paper, but Nye was wise. He felt that it would be a dangerous thing for a humorist to go to New York city. He doubted whether such a person could maintain himself there, and he believed that the chances were that in the whirl of newspaper life, and especially of a newspaper conducted at such high pressure as is The World, the humorist would be stunned, his work would become forced and artificial, his identity would be lost and he would sink to the dead level of the average.

Nye therefore determined to make a proposition to The World himself. He went offering business, not seeking any employment the paper might have to give. He did not expect that his offer would be entertained, but to his surprise it was. He was engaged to write what he chose, as he chose, over his own de plume, to be subject to none of the restrictions or discipline of the office, and it was common report that he was to receive \$5,000 a year for this undertaking. This shrewdness of management unquestionably saved Nye from being buried in that mighty wave of literary endeavor which produces anonymously the best in our daily newspapers. It revealed that Nye was as strong in business as he was great in humor, and from that time on his pathway has been one of ever increasing prosperity.

His fame being established, he was able to make other newspaper connections, so that in the course of a year or two he was in receipt of an income of over \$10,000 a year. There were times when Mr. Nye felt some sadness that his reputation should be merely that of a literary jester, but he consoled himself with the thought that he was giving innocent delight to thousands, was ac-

quitting well for his family and also with the hope that in the future he would be able to win a more critical reputation in higher literary endeavor.

His business instincts served him well also when he entered the lecture field. The work is hard and dreary and entails prolonged absences from a most charming family, but it pays well. His profits are commonly reported to have been as high as from \$25,000 to \$30,000 a year, so that in the past four or five years Mr. Nye's income has equaled that of the greater lawyers, has been as large as the individual profits which many bankers and merchants have received from their business, and has been equaled among literary men probably only by the income of the Rev. Dr. Talmage. He has ventured into the drama, although he is not a dramatist and must ever rely upon those who have dramatic instinct and experience to make his plays fit for stage representation. He has also conceived a series of articles for one of the leading magazines.

Mr. Nye's life, however, is in his domestic circle, and it is no wonder. His wife, a charming woman, is just the helpmeet for such a man, and with his four children he is as much a child as any of them. He lives in luxury in a beautiful place on Staten Island, and has also a residence at Asheville, N. C., where he is now convalescing from the effects of the recent accident from which he suffered in Jackson, Miss.

Mr. Nye has barely entered the prime of life, being in his fortieth year, and if his present prosperity attends him he seems likely to become the wealthiest of our literary men.

E. J. EDWARDS.

In No Hurry.

Mrs. O'F--Can I have my husband put in jail for slapping me in the month?

Magistrate--Certainly; that is assault and battery.

"Well, I'll come around in about a month and make the charge."

"Why not have him arrested at once?"

"Well, you see, when he slapped me I hit him on the head with a rollin pin, and he's now in the hospital, and the doctors say he won't be able to get out for a month yet."--Life.

His Revenge.

"I am sorry, Mr. Percollum, but I shall not need your services after this week," said the editor of The Monthly Sparkler.

"I was about to make the same remark, sir," replied Mr. Percollum. "My uncle has bought this magazine and given the management of things to me. You will not need my services, Mr. Abel, but I shall need yours. How would an advance of fifty dollars a month in your salary strike you?"

[The author of this beautiful and touching little story sends a note with it explaining that he has tried it on several other papers, and all have rejected it as too wildly absurd and improbable.]

--Chicago Tribune.

At the Club.

Commodore Naylor--Where's Dob this evening?

Throckmorton--He told me that a circumstance over which he had no control would prevent his being with us tonight.

C. N.--Probably he meant his wife.

Smith & Gray's Monthly.

Important.

George--Whew! What can be the matter? Telegram says, "Come home immediately."

George (rushing into his suburban home, one hour later)--Tell me quick, my dear. What is it?

Young wife--The baby said "Ma'ma."

--Life.

Not Entirely Sure.

Father--Well, Tommy, how do you think you will like this little fellow for a brother?

Tommy (inspecting the new infant somewhat doubtfully)--Have we got to keep him, papa, or is he only a sample?

--Chicago Tribune.

An Old Settler.

Lord Nobby (to Nevada Nick)--T must have lived 'ere a good while, eh?

Nevada Nick--See that mountain? That was a hole in the ground when I came here.--Drake's Magazine.

All She Asked For.

Insinuating Photographer (holding photograph in hand)--No, madam, you have never been successfully posed; none of these pictures does you justice.

Plain Lady--I do not want justice, sir; I want mercy.--Smith & Gray's Monthly.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Wagoner's Rheumatic Sufferer has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, soothes the gums, cures all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Try it--it cures a bottle.

Dr. Wagoner's Anodyne Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, clapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Peck Bros. Drug Store, corner Monroe and Division sts.

Rheumatism

SCIATICA

NEURALGIA

Cured by

St. Jacobs Oil

A WHOLE VILLAGE

ATTACKED

By La Grippe--Holmes Desolated and Strong Men Prostrated.

One Family Only Escapes Without Serious Results.

A SHORT HISTORY AND ITS LESSON.

WINONA, Minn., Jan. 12, 1892.

During the winter of 1891 I and my family of six were taken with the La Grippe. The disease was very prevalent at that time in the village where I resided, nearly every one being sick with it. Our doctors treated it as best as they could, but were very unsuccessful in the treatment of it. As soon as my family were taken sick I went to the drug-store and bought six bottles of Pe-runa, and we all took it according to the directions, given on the bottle, and although our cases seemed to be more than usually violent in the outset, yet our recovery was prompt and we were treated by the regular physician. In the beginning of the attack we all had a violent cough bleeding at the nose and spitting of blood, but the Pe-runa promptly relieved us, and we took no other medicine during our sickness. Many people die of the La Grippe during this epidemic, and I am sure, as I was sick, so are others, as myself and family. After we were all sound and well again we still had one bottle of Pe-runa left in the house. I can cheerfully recommend the Pe-runa as a cure for the La Grippe, and a general family medicine. I shall not be without Pe-runa in my house again unless I am absolutely unable to get it.

I will answer any letters of inquiry from any one wishing to know more of the particulars. C. T. HATHFIELD.

The above is the unsolicited testimony of an honest laboring man. He did exactly what hundreds of other parents have done, and what hundreds of others are doing, and what hundreds of hundreds will do as soon as they find out the value of Pe-runa, as a family medicine. Not only did Mr. Hathfield save money by resorting to Pe-runa, but his family recovered much sooner and more perfectly than those treated in the ordinary way.

The fact is, there is no equal to Pe-runa for La Grippe, Catarrh (acute or chronic), Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Consumption in the early stages. Pe-runa is the prescription of renowned physician who has been in constant practice over thirty-five years, and this remedy has been used in four epidemics of La Grippe previous to this one with undeviating success. Complete directions accompany each bottle, and is kept by most druggists.

Send for a free copy of The Family Physician No. 2 on the La Grippe, Catarrh, and all climate diseases of winter. Address Pe-runa Drug Manufacturing Co., Columbus, O.

Garfield Pea is composed of wholly harmless herbs, hence its effects can never be injurious. Why, then, take nauseous pills, oils or cathartics that constipate?

Lily White.

The Valley City Milling Company has no peer in the manufacture of flour. Try the LILY WHITE.

Peckham's Croup Remedy cure whooping cough.

Lighthouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Tresscott are keepers of the Government Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter four years old. Last April she was taken down with Measles, followed with a dreadful Cough and turning into a Fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones." Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold; yet you can get a trial bottle for 10 cents at Peck Bros' druggists.

Our Very Best People

Confirm our statement when we say that Dr. Acker's English Remedy is it every way superior to any and all other preparations for the Throat and Lungs. In Whooping Cough and Croup, it is a magic and relief at once. We offer you a sample bottle free. Remember this Remedy is sold on a positive guarantee.

Lily White Flour.

Made by Valley City Milling Co., Grant Rapids, is a family favorite. Try it.

The world is always interested in the cure of consumption, yet its prevention is of far more importance. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is guaranteed to cure coughs and colds. Sold by all dealers on a guarantee of satisfaction.

For burns, scalds, bruises and all pain and soreness of the flesh the great household remedy is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Be sure you get the genuine.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

If you always insist upon having Allcock's Persons Pleasants and never accept a substitute, you will not be disappointed.

For Over Fifty Years

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